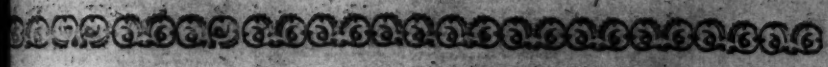


To 1/6



THE
WEDDING DAY,
A
POEM



[Price ONE SHILLING.]

ERRATA.

- P**AGE 3, fourth line, instead of *maid*, read, *maids*.
23, Sixth line, instead of *fell*, read, *fill*.
29, Second line, instead of *were*, read, *are*.
39, Sixth line, instead of *on*, read, *or*.
43, Twelfth line, instead of *be*, read, *beat*.
53, Fifth line, instead of *this*, read, *his*.



75

THE
W E D D I N G D A Y,
In THREE PARTS. *R*

By a CITIZEN of LONDON.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas

Regumque turres. O beate SEXTI!

Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

HOR.

Tho' the gay bloom no more shall chear the spray,
All fruit shall fail, and mountains melt away,
Each flow'ry mead become a fiery plain,
Nor flock in fold, or herd in stalls remain;
Altho' each orb hurl horro' thro' the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars dart vengeance! from on high;
Yet shall my hope rest in JEHOVAH's name,
Joy in his love, his mighty praise proclaim.

HAB. iii. 17, 18.

L O N D O N:

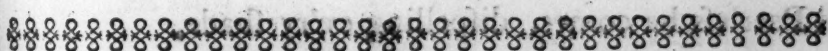
Printed for G. KEITH, at the *Bible and Crown*, in
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THE
WEDDING-DAY.

Addressed to * * *



PART I.



QUICK pass, ye minutes! fly, ye ling-
'ring hours!

Awaynt! the magick of ye slumb'ring
pow'rs;

Your feeble arts no more presume t'essay,

Or stop the tribute to the bridal day.

Lo! the faint glances of the waking morn
Glide o'er the level of the pearly lawn,

B

The

The hills and vallies and the silver floods,
 The rising columns and the dancing woods,
 With song melodious in their patron's praise,
 All hail the joy of Sol's approaching rays.
 His radiant streams quick skim along the skies,
 To earth descend, and bid gilt turrets rise ;
 Drooping, alike, th' enamel'd green he rears,
 The wat'ry waste and shrubless desert cheers :
 O'er rocks and clifts, thro' yawning tombs and caves,
 Swift darts his lustre, and their horror braves ;
 Peerless he comes, dispelling ev'ry shade,
 In smiling terrour to the blushing maid.

Why flutter thus, my heart ? fair Phoebe cries ;
 Rather rejoice to see him chearful rise ;
 For if best ends by fittest means we gain,
 And ends by means we only can obtain ;
 If marriage only makes the happiest life,
 Why 'sham'd to think I'm now to be a wife ?
 'Tis only marriage that can make me so,
 From means like that the best events may flow.

Come then, thou beauteous and all-chearing fun !
 Propitious shine ; increase my joy begun.
 So said the fair ; the dazzling orb advanc'd,
 Call'd forth the maid, whose expectation danc'd.
 The splendid summons glad the nymphs obey,
 Their beauties join, and trip the flow'ry way.
 The ruddy shepherds, and the rustick swains,
 Rejoice to see them, and skip o'er the plains.
 With sportive joke arch Tom his Phillis greets,
 With fault'ring tongue spruce Will coy Sally meets :
 Jack, Dick, and Hal, and Jem (tho' reckon'd proud)
 Saw dimpling Polly smile, and blushing bow'd.
 Ralph rubs his hands, to Betty doffs his hat,
 Surveys her gown, and says 'tis surely that,
 Of all the dresses, that adorn the green,
 The prettiest colour shews that e'er was seen.
 That Kitty flowers lov'd was known to Hugh ;
 With rose her sleeve he sticks, unseen to view.

'Midst the salute appears th'expected sight ;
 All eyes are open, and all tongues unite ;

The drestes those to mark, and these to pray
The nuptial pair may have a sun-shine day.

The train returns; as does the rural throng;
No joy is wanting, and no vices wrong.

Perform'd the sacred and the festive rites,
To dance are some inclin'd, and some invites
The manly converse of the reas'ning mind;
While some in sport not less a pleasure find.

Of these, converse delights the tim'rous muse;
Her page she brings; submits it to peruse.

Sophonius reads: ' As faith th'experienc'd wise,
' That well we act, all means let us advise;
' Where councils are, the people safely stand;
' But want of knowledge wastes the widest land:
' For this, take hints, which either warm or glow;
' That in plain precept come, or smoother accent flow.
' Then thus permit, how weak soe'er my voice,
' My thoughts to give, as well as to rejoice.

' In social, as in nat'ral, life, it seems,
 Who best deserves her blessing, most esteems
 The reas'ning rules that blessing most demands ;
 And thus secure of truest pleasure stands.
 Conjugal joy no more, devoid of these,
 Expect to find, than human cares see cease.
 'Tis vice alone that mis'ry e'er begets ;
 'Tis virtue only wretched that ne'er frets.

' What tho' some seeming ill disturb thy rest ?

Who right must know, directs it for the best.

If, by the pressure of his weighty hand,

Thy vice to quit he sternly thee command,

Or, more indulgent to thy pamper'd ease,

Allow such seed to spring in thy disease ;

If seeming ill, or present good we share,

Alike are all the objects of his care.

Greater are some, not happier, than the less,

For diff'rent ranks court diff'rent happiness :

Diff'rence there must be for the good of each ;

If all were equal, none content would reach :

' Content's

' Content's the mean of happiness while here,
 ' Who her refuses wretched will appear.
 ' Her placid smile the guilty shall not gain ;
 ' She shuns the selfish, vicious, and the vain.
 ' As rectitude, not rank, forms human worth ;
 ' So best are happiest, in high or humble birth.
 ' Each station is the best, for all, design'd ;
 ' Is that well fill'd ?—there ev'ry merit's join'd.
 ' Nor let us say we've no peculiar fault ;
 ' T'obey is man's ; but never to revolt ;
 ' 'Tis God's alone the good of all to find,
 ' Or by calm sunshine, or the sick'ning wind,

' Of God, or nature's works, who reas'ning speaks ;
 ' Of force of matter, or of air, who treats ;
 ' Of cause unseen how better can he know,
 ' Than by effects, apparent as they flow.

' On earth if look we, or where planets roll,
 ' Kind nature's seen to serve th'extended whole.
 ' The whole produc'd by one ordaining hand,
 ' That whole created, if design'd should stand,

'How right consists it, ev'n in sense of fools,
 'All firm should fix, but by impartial rules?
 'If gen'ral laws the fittest are maintain'd,
 'The ruling mind the gen'ral good ordain'd;
 'They fittest are, and ever so must seem,
 'As sent by him, which oft mere men have seen:
 'Mere men oft see, from growth of partial ill,
 'Events arise to justify his will:

'All gen'ral good may partial ill produce,
 'As heat of fire may regal piles reduce;
 'Yet, where's the gen'ral, in this partial, harm,
 'Whence labouring brows desire their hires warm?
 'So such events a twofold good may teach;
 'Chastise, neglect, the poor's provision reach.

'Ill absolute! there is not such a thing;
 'But partial ill there is, in slave and king.
 'Most perfect good may seem ill absolute;
 'As arm of justice may by robbers shoot.
 'From harm approaching if th'eternal cause
 'With-hold thy step, and thy advance withdraws;

' In

- ‘ In endless life to perfect endless joy,
- ‘ If lenient smart in *this* thy vice destroy,
- ‘ By means most fit to compass these best ends ;
- ‘ Is’t not a good if he affliction sends ?

- ‘ There’s not an ill, however dark it be,
- ‘ But some way tends to throw a good on thee ;
- ‘ On thee, as part of one stupendous whole,
- “ Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”
- ‘ As cause, or consequence, ’tis surely right ;
- ‘ And good becomes, tho’ this escape thy sight,
- ‘ As cause of good, or punishment of vice ;
- ‘ As he who wrongs may oft be punish’d twice ;
- ‘ Be punish’d here, by terrours of his mind,
- ‘ Or sure hereafter ; as the damn’d must find,
- ‘ ’Tis right in God, tho’ horrible in man,
- ‘ For vice, affliction scape, who never can.

- ‘ By wise direction of th’ eternal mind,
- ‘ Fit ends to means annex’d ev’n men oft find.
- “ Why always not ? ”—because his knowledge knows
- ‘ Concealment best ; which therefore best bestows.

'To man unseen, yet surely fix'd ALL are ;
 'Why he behold them, who can't count his hair ?
 'If means conduct to correspondent ends,
 'Fit smart must fall on him whose vice offends :
 'For this, what method can so just appear,
 'As that attendant on our conduct here ?
 'Who sees not thus the wicked ill at ease ?
 'Who is there worthy, but's calm if he please,
 'As much as is consistent with his END ?
 'That greatest good to which distresses tend.

'Of means pursu'd, the most unworthy prove
 'The God of Justice in the God of Love.
 'Thus, copious ills degen'rate mortals teize ;
 'Impartial reason sees fit cause of these ;
 'Beholds from vice their terrors justly rise,
 'As rebels fell, hurl'd headlong from the skies.
 'Thus Satan's self was first betray'd by vice ;
 'That GREATEST CURSE ! is still the wicked's choice.

'A perfect freedom from the ruling cause,
 'For ever flows, and vindicates his laws.

' That freedom first to man was kindly giv'n,
 ' That each deserving might obtain a heav'n,
 ' Where is the tyrant, or the murd'rous thief,
 ' The brutal lecher or the Banditt's chief ;
 ' Whose callous soul, sunk deep in savage sense,
 ' Of *right unknown* that ever made pretence ?
 ' Howe'er debas'd, the most unworthy mind,
 ' Condemns itself, for Reason's Pow'r resign'd,
 ' Applauds it in possession of the Good,
 ' Ev'n when itself is farthest thence remov'd.
 ' Yet why self blam'd a villain do we find,
 ' If choice of action never sway'd his mind ?

' When first created, so as since preserv'd,
 ' The mind its duty saw, yet seeing swerv'd,
 ' Obvious the good, nor less conceal'd its harm ;
 ' If *this* its choice, why is that mind's alarm,
 ' When mis'ry falls on vice ? since that must be,
 ' Or wrong from right proceed, itself must see.
 ' In men if seen not, soon or late while here,
 ' It heavier strikes them in a future sphere.

' Unerring justice where the rule it holds,
 ' By perfect laws, its rectitude unfolds :
 ' Perfections thus, unequal'd, ever shine,
 ' In ev'ry view of ev'ry rule divine.
 ' Thus the great pow'r his justice well defends,
 ' When man rejects the good his precept sends ;
 ' Free to receive the right, the wrong refuse ;
 ' The first renounc'd, if then the last he choose,
 ' Say, can that pow'r with more perfection guide ?
 ' For choice restrain'd, divinity's deny'd !
 ' Withheld from man free-agency of mind,
 ' Unknown, were good and ill together join'd.
 ' If once impell'd by some resistless cause,
 ' There ends distinction, and there cease all laws ;
 ' No right nor wrong could, then, distinguish'd rise,
 ' Nor true or false approach enquiring eyes ;
 ' Obedient all, then, blind must yield to fate,
 ' And source of love be chang'd to that of hate.
 ' Yet this confusion wills the wretched man,
 ' Whose impious aim's the rule of God to plan.

‘ How nobly said he ! sleeping who now lies ;
 ‘ Most true, “ tho’ man’s a fool yet God is wise”.
 ‘ That shining truth, of ev’ry joy the hope,
 ‘ Twas thou best sung, O most exalted POPE !
 ‘ On some hard-heads, unheeding all their days,
 ‘ The sun in vain may burn them with his blaze,
 ‘ In mirey dirt like quacking ducks they’re seen,
 ‘ Or thoughtless geese when squaking o’er *some* green ;
 ‘ Neglecting truths so long well told by THEE,
 ‘ They’ll cackle on — what can be said by me ?

‘ What comes from God for ever must be best ;
 ‘ The blame is man’s, if ALL brings not his rest.
 ‘ Indeed ! but how ? some stamm’ring Traulus cries,
 ‘ But how ! indeed, *there* all disputing lies.
 ‘ ’Tis *that*’s the spring of ev’ry doubt the cause ;
 ‘ God acts by gen’ral — “ why not partial, laws ?
 ‘ Why not ! why should he ? as he justly rules,
 ‘ He cannot, will not, please all impious fools ;
 ‘ However fiends may fret, or madmen rave,
 ‘ The whole he will not lose, a part to save.

' Yet man, if chance more thinks he than his horse,
 ' What right direct he sees not, takes for worse ;
 ' To him unknown the seed of hair how set,
 ' In God's high feat this silly thing would get :
 ' Arraign *his* judgment, question all his ways,
 ' With the same weakness as at dice he plays.

' Away such phantoms of an idle brain !
 ' Or better think, or never think again ;
 ' As best becomes thee think, and act more right ;
 ' More just confests, thou knowst not dark from light.

" But best are murders, cruelties and theft ?
 ' No — who such commit are of peace bereft.
 ' In man they're seen excess of human ill.
 ' Yet God wills not man's blood another spill ;
 ' Who best attempts not by his will to walk,
 ' The faults his own ; however he may talk.
 ' Feebly who knocks but with an humble mind,
 ' An open'd door, and seeking help, shall find.
 ' Ask he his heart, if in his *proper* stead.
 ' Himself would with his brother broke his head ?

‘ Then

‘ Then why himself condemns he by his arm,
 ‘ When what he hates he throws to other’s harm ?

‘ All vice itself its own avenger breeds,
 ‘ For vice alone of mis’ry sets the seed,
 “ Then come dread earthquakes, and death-hurling-
 storms,
 “ From that kind source whose love light Zephyr forms ?”
 ‘ Not surer come thy bread, health, hope and joy ;
 ‘ As much such means as those, these ends employ,
 ‘ As grateful impulse of the may-morn show’rs,
 ‘ Sheds rising vigour o’er the sun-burnt flow’rs :
 ‘ As streams in rivers flow, or, from the purling rill,
 ‘ A small *meander* greater helps to fill.
 ‘ If winds and thunders thro’ the nat’ral world,
 ‘ With minds approving, calmly we see hurl’d,
 ‘ And but for helps like these, contagious birth,
 ‘ ’Tis known, disease must take, and fly o’er earth ;
 ‘ These seen for gen’ral good, yet partial ill,
 ‘ In those, why blame we the dispenser’s will ?
 ‘ The whole descends from one all perfect hand,
 ‘ Whose love no words can reach ; who counts the
 smallest sand.

‘ Who,

' Who, when, or how, in whate'er rank or shape,
 ' With looks like men ; but shadows of an ape,
 ' Are found disputing 'gainst of God the laws,
 ' Need they be told, he rules by second cause ?
 ' By second cause he governs countless worlds,
 ' If joy he pours, or vengeance justly hurls.
 ' By gen'ral laws, remember, blessings flow ;
 ' If men were perfect, blest they'd be below.
 ' But perfect laws imperfect worth must fray ;
 ' So faulty threads are broken ev'ry day :
 ' Yet gen'ral good from second cause we feel ;
 ' Thus man winds silk firm, tho' by a various wheel.

' How harder seems it to all perfect pow'r,
 ' Most fit events on all his works to show'r,
 ' By bent giv'n each to universal good,
 ' (As nature known, is plainly understood,)
 ' Than from one formless mass, at first, to raise,
 ' By one weak word, ail nature to his praise
 ' But yet assign Good's measure just should be
 ' Greater or less to all in the degree,

' As

- ‘ As nature’s voice were more or less obey’d ?
- ‘ And nature heard, man had not been betray’d.
- ‘ See ! nature’s works with reverential awe,
- ‘ Beyond expression beauteous is her law ;
- ‘ See ! from each action of her power rise
- ‘ Her one great aim, which thousands less supplies :

- ‘ As nature’s law is good in all her ways,
- ‘ Good, man perverts, his mind who disobeys ;
- ‘ His mind, attended, tells him when he’s wrong ;
- ‘ He flights her praise, and seeks it from a throng.
- ‘ Ambition’s vice, perhaps in some disguise ;
- ‘ Praise is not his to serve himself who tries ;
- ‘ To serve himself’s his duty, which who shuns,
- ‘ ’Gainst nature’s law, to just chastisement runs.
- ‘ He serves himself, whose duty is well done ;
- ‘ Who seeks for praise, shews plain he merits none ;
- ‘ Deceitful proves him in that very deed,
- ‘ His best perform’d, of Worth he’s still in need :
- ‘ Man’s mind so tells him, yet the silly tool,
- ‘ Hero would be, and prove himself a fool.

' A robber's fame why should it ever charm ?
 ' Reas'n and religion command not to harm :
 ' No wonder when rejected are *their* law,
 ' From worthless man protection they withdraw.
 " Cease then, nor order imperfection name,"
 ' Christianity and reas'n's perfection are the same.



D

PART



P A R T II.

- ‘  HERE is perfection in the ways of man
 ‘ His state's a bubble, and his age a span.
 ‘ A bubble in th' abyss of matter tofs'd,
 ‘ By cares surrounded, and vexations cross'd ;
 ‘ Compar'd himself with nature's works around,
 ‘ This puny man how small an atom found ;
 ‘ Yet, perfect Adamite ! how plumes he forth,
 ‘ How high aspires his self sufficient worth !
 ‘ A grov'ling tenant on a grain of dirt
 ‘ Naked—feeble—how does this creature strut !
 ‘ Who laughs not, thus, such pigmies when he sees,
 ‘ For imag'd honours scramble ?—scorn of bees !
 ‘ Weak ants would shame him, if he shame could feel ;
 ‘ (His pate knows not the motion of a wheel,)
 ‘ Those wiser objects scorn, by force or fraud,

‘ Foul

' Foul guilt to screen, wherever 'tis outlaw'd ;
 ' Its vice the cause ; their states against it rise,
 ' Vengeance assails it from their flaming eyes.
 ' The charms of virtue *there* charm with dim ray,
 ' Yet, seen her form, they scare all vice away.
 ' But man, for shining dust, rejects her blaze,
 ' And thieves protects, or his country betrays.
 ' Thus man (much dirtier than the earth he treads,)
 ' To gain a bulrush, cuts off million heads ;
 ' Murders without mercy spreads thro' his bounds,
 ' Whole states destroys, and pillages their towns :
 ' All nature robs regardless of the wrong ;
 ' —Gains bits of silk—is hero'd by the throng.

' A slave to each weak passion of his mind,
 Warm suns offend him, and the vernal wind,
 Blest with dominion of her choicest store,
 Nature he charges that she gives no more ;
 Repining here, some shadow 'till he gets,
 There, when obtain'd—he sits him down and frets.

‘ Cries here’s too much ; and there’s too little spread ;
 ‘ Why not, for him, cut off his neighbour’s head ?
 ‘ To other ranks pre-eminent he deems
 ‘ His mind exalted—as in guilt he seems.
 ‘ All other ranks their grateful homage pay ;
 ‘ By glad content, they bless each bounteous day.
 ‘ Unthankful man, of all creation’s care,
 ‘ Unworthy seems ev’n of the smallest share.
 ‘ Obedience his ! the most imperfect known,
 ‘ Yet would this man unceasing grasp a throne ;
 ‘ Is that obtain’d, how impotent his cares !
 ‘ Ev’n there he wants—still imperfection shares,

‘ At diff’rent times, the same thing’s diff’rent seen ;
 ‘ His hate to day, to-morrow’s his esteem.
 ‘ Unfix’d, his clothes, meat, drink, and even words,
 ‘ He’s ever changing, as his doughty swords.
 ‘ Words ! nay, letters, now here are best, then worst,
 ‘ Just as rank nonsense may from boobies burst.
 ‘ Thus foreign OR takes place of native OUR,
 ‘ And dunces swallow what more PUPPIES pour.

“ Why not this mode embrace ? *the wise* begin it.”
 ‘ (Much *wiser* ha’n’t than now the world holds in it)
 ‘ Why not ! why not turn *French*, mind nought but
 chatting ?
 ‘ Why not cry crabs and stinking fish in Latin ?
 ‘ From *use* why banish not all *English*, thus,
 ‘ Why not for ous adopt the smarter us ?
 ‘ Why not our own to others always yield ?
 ‘ Why keep a standard—quit clear reason’s field ?
 ‘ By such sage rules, still changing, shall we see
 ‘ Less fix’d our language, than our dress can be.
 ‘ Why forfeit thus, possess’d of human brains,
 ‘ The just applause our noble valour gains ?
 ‘ Plainly because our *humble imitation*,
 ‘ Becomes the jest of every laughing nation.
 ‘ How less deserves *Britannia* of her sons,
 ‘ Than specious *Gallia*, who this folly spurns ?
 ‘ Our darling patterns here much better teach ;
 ‘ Their *EUR* remains, ev’n when they sing or preach ;
 ‘ But we, blunt Britons, *common* sense despise ;
 ‘ It must be *MONSTROUS*, if it please *our eyes*.

‘ Man’s

‘ Man’s sense the least, of thinking knowledge, knows,
 ‘ Yet blames he God, that angels more he shews ;
 ‘ He’ll not believe, but what he comprehends,
 ‘ Yet is himself the proof he still contends.
 ‘ But man diminished flights his calling mind,
 ‘ Body with soul he knows together join’d,
 ‘ Thro’ nature’s range sees gradual order lie,
 ‘ Bloom on the trees, and sparkle in each eye ;
 ‘ In these a cause is undisputed seen,
 ‘ Tho’ *where*, and *how*, conceal’d has ever been.
 ‘ Why then withhold, from reason’s purer ray,
 ‘ Assent giv’n freely to a lump of clay ?
 ‘ If finite all the power’s of man’s mind,
 ‘ Why should he seek infinity to find ?

‘ He wanting wit fails not to think he’s wise,
 ‘ As fools the most their own opinions prize.
 ‘ Who knows the most, man’s blindness clearest sees,
 ‘ Knows knowledge rises but by slow degrees,
 ‘ Yet plain, from parts, points to the spring of all ;
 ‘ From God sees nature, best directed, fall.

‘ But

' But for those thorns seen scatter'd in her ways,
 ' Man must in Life be wretched ALL his days ;
 ' Of good unbounded were he here possess'd,
 ' Its loss foreseen would rob him of his rest ;
 ' His death, tho' distant, be his constant ill,
 ' Damp all his hopes ; with terrour would him fell.

' Man would be wise, to justify his vice ;
 ' Reason commends, will only hear her voice,
 ' Grasps all her shade, and in her shade will fight,
 ' Her substance quite quits, yet insists he's right,
 ' Apes all her ways, as monkeys mimick men ;
 ' But gravely denies five and five make ten.
 ' What does he less, who providence denies,
 ' Yet sees his works, where e'er he turns his eyes ?

' Reason is right ; but in their folly fools,
 ' Where most she shines, deny she ever rules ;
 ' Thro' mists of mud she's seen by such as these,
 ' On future's fear, which future cannot please.

' The

- ‘ The cause of all his mischief and mistakes
- ‘ Proceeds as Man false estimation makes
- ‘ He’s plac’d in life, but for one point of time,
- ‘ Yet in that point to perfect bliss would climb ;
- ‘ In each pursuit seeks happiness to gain,
- ‘ Finds her *resign’d*, then shuns her with disdain.
- ‘ Blind to the plain suggestions of his heart,
- ‘ He raves that worlds not from their centers start !
- ‘ Start ! big with horror to all nature’s eyes,
- ‘ That his weak wish in gen’ral ill may rise :
- ‘ For who but wishes sun-shine when it rains,
- ‘ Nature rebukes, and God’s great mind arraigns.
- ‘ Who thus assumes to dictate to his chief,
- ‘ What’s he with men nam’d but rebellious thief ?
- ‘ Yet, blind o’erlook’d by man, is God deny’d,
- ‘ Oh vilest folly ! most contemptuous pride !
- ‘ Pride was not made for man, nor anger sent
- ‘ To grace his mind—— as stings of guilt they’re lent ;
- ‘ Obedience paid, such stings he had not known,
- ‘ Innocence preserv’d, perfection were his own.

‘ With

‘ With nature’s works her lord delighted stood,
 ‘ Perfect must be, what he pronounced good.

‘ Effect of nature what we often call,
 ‘ Is art’s attendant show’ring good on all ;
 ‘ Nature is art to all advantage dress’d,
 ‘ As art comes near her, when it pleases best :
 ‘ Thus nature points as man does with a rod ;
 ‘ Thus art is nature in the hand of God.

‘ But nature form’d, and form’d to bless the whole ;
 ‘ A mite created and the human soul.
 ‘ The whole her charge, the whole she strictly tends,
 ‘ And, wisest, BEST FOR ALL for ever sends.
 ‘ This nature thus, so watchful of her care !
 ‘ Extends to man, to sparrow and to hair.

‘ For man’s the rich profusion of her goods,
 ‘ On him’s conferr’d possession in her woods.
 ‘ Smiling, for him, her vallies teeming lie ;
 ‘ For him rich pleasure hills fetch from the sky.

- ‘ Delicate the eye her darling colour sees,
- ‘ Her GREEN adorns the meadows and the trees;
- ‘ Soft, fragrant odours bloom through all the spring,
- ‘ Gilt lawns enchantment to his prospect bring :
- ‘ Pensive departs deep melancholy’s sound,
- ‘ Musick returns it from the vales around ;
- ‘ The guggling murmurs of the limpid stream,
- ‘ And *Philomel*’s song court his nightly dream ;
- ‘ The fire salutes him with a cordial cheer,
- ‘ And grateful change wafts on each rolling year.
- ‘ With glad career, rivers to serve him run ;
- ‘ His time’s embellish’d by the moon and sun.
- ‘ Oceans, for man, are chain’d beneath their shore,
- ‘ Vain fawn their calms, and thund’ring bellows roar ;
- ‘ For him restrain’d, their art nor rage avails ;
- ‘ Their gales rejoice, and storms full swell his sails ;
- ‘ Earth, sea, and air, the wind and chearful fire,
- ‘ Unite to please, prevent, his least desire.
- ‘ Thus nature’s works their tribute to him pay,
- ‘ Him chief proclaim, and feast his ev’ry day.
- ‘ Smart comes to heal him, though the most severe,
- ‘ And hope elated, banishes all fear ;

' Fair reason's beam illumines him from above ;
 ' Where's greater call for gratitude and love ?
 ' For their demands not stronger motives known,
 ' Yet gratitude itself, say, is it often shewn ?

' Of guilt all kinds have ever fit rewards,
 ' So plagues of poverty may come from cards :
 ' Luxurious vice may bring the throbbing gout,
 ' For coach and fix a man may live without.
 ' Each state and stage of life experience sees
 ' Abound with ends to means, as fit as these.

' Thus, is a kingdom much immers'd in vice,
 ' Slavery and disease will strike it twice :
 ' Is there another where bigotry prevails,
 ' There mitred avarice at knowledge rails ;
 ' Millions are slaves, that saint may reign as king ;
 ' And there good men sweet inquisition bring,
 ' Vile thefts and murders : through the streets they
 cry
 ' Passports for heav'n ; come, customers, who'll buy ?

‘ The soul’s chief good their saintships still pretend ;
 ‘ But mighty gold is all their labour’s end.
 ‘ There chesnuts grow, which here perhaps we roast
 ‘ And there rich men, like English cheese they toast :
 ‘ In fiery furnace human blood is boil’d,
 ‘ To cleanse religion — truth she’s sadiy soil’d !

‘ In states and empires is the rule the same ;
 ‘ If chiefs are weak, voluptuous, or vain,
 ‘ Their foibles will their own attendants bring,
 ‘ And emperours assault, nor spare a king.
 ‘ A trader too, who follows ev’ry goose,
 ‘ By great good luck his neck if ’scapes a noose ;
 ‘ Whatever hunt he us’d, or hares has spankt-up,
 ‘ If fool neglects his trade, why he’s a bankrupt.
 ‘ Lascivious rascals thus are plagu’d thro’ life,
 ‘ Their present curse is whores, the p—x and strife.

‘ ‘Mongst the nations, are some so sunk in sense,
 ‘ That force oppressive, and worst opulence
 ‘ Are there the rules of perfect wrong and right ?
 ‘ — There human bears, for these, for ever fight.

' There justice, reason, truth, chain'd ever stood,
 ' Whose venal forms with them were counted good.
 ' Thus THEIRS, with SHAPES OF MEN, are sold and
 bought,
 ' Cheap as fresh herrings, sixteen for a groat :
 ' There superstition, that prime imp of hell,
 ' Religion stabb'd, in place of her may dwell ;
 ' There, the true emblem of her raging fire,
 ' Murders she broods, to please the dev'l her fire ;
 ' Prompts breach of bonds, both human and divine,
 ' By murder bids religion's shadow shine.
 ' If mothers daughters, or if fathers sons ;
 ' Or sister sister, brother brother burns ;
 ' If man kill master, or if maids their dames ;
 ' This gloomy fiend such horror merit names :
 ' Nay, when fell subjects their sov'reigns destroy,
 ' 'Tis she foretels no harm will e'er annoy.
 ' Oh nature's shame ! if wife there slays her lord,
 ' 'Tis this great curse, inticing, gives the word ;
 ' The barb'rous fact she tells th' astonish'd world,
 ' But guilt wrapt up herself dares not unfold ;

' Specious pretence, and ev'n her own disgrace,
 ' Asham'd, she tells to mimick virtue's face,
 ' Profanes words sacred to conceal worst crimes,
 ' Worst hypocrite appears, to mend the times:
 ' Thus superstition makes the worst of tools,
 ' A prey for furies — and the scorn of fools.
 ' A prey for furies? yes, of them the worst,
 ' By vultures gnawing on the soul, 'tis curst.
 ' Were it but possible, a state like this,
 ' A moment could escape from hell's abyss,
 ' On earth present it, scare-crow of the world;
 ' So caught, its sceptre were by devils hurl'd.
 ' By means like these, who gains a jail or throne,
 ' The curse unequal'd is in *both* or *one*.

' In wilful crimes no mortal can have peace;
 ' The cries of vengeance, stifled, will not cease;
 ' The sense of swine, however it may shew,
 ' Tho' long it swims, at last it must sink low.
 ' Guilt's form in vain the murd'rer tries t'erase;
 ' It will pursue, and stare him in the face;
 ' Its terrors too as vainly he denies;
 ' Wide gape hell's jaws, and threat'ning shew he lyes.

' Mark

' Mark but the END of such a wretch as this,
 ' What would he give one gleam of hope were his !
 ' When death stalks tow'rds him, and no way's to fly,
 ' Horror distracted trembles in his eye,
 ' The wretched culprit feels her weight at last ;
 ' Tho' earth he 'scape, grim fiends will hold him fast :
 ' Justice, tho' slow, yet comes with iron shod :
 " No peace is to the wicked, saith my God."

' We see but dimly one inferiour part ;
 ' Enough yet see to glad th'attentive heart.
 ' Presume not then to question his decree,
 ' Or censure plans, whose aim thou canst not see.
 ' Who e'er essay'd of sand on ocean's shore,
 ' By one seen grain, to say the number more ?
 ' As vain the dreams of man the ways of God,
 ' To think should yield implicit at his nod.
 ' Resign'd submission best becomes us here ;
 ' 'Tis *that*, thro' life can vanquish ev'ry fear :
 ' How vain with anxious thoughts to teize thy mind,]
 ' Sustain'd by him whose help's for all design'd.

' With

- ‘ With carping cares, see lame Sordidus run !
- ‘ And, parch’d with fever, meet a mid-day sun.
- ‘ That wealth may grow, he hardly sleep admits ;
- ‘ Yet, wealth obtain’d, its use he never gets :
- ‘ Still craving more its weight his rest annoys,
- ‘ And ’midst of thousands not one doit enjoys.
- ‘ See him abroad ; at home observe his looks ;
- ‘ ’Tis here he raves, there squints at transfer-books.
- ‘ In some dark corner, darker he retreats ;
- ‘ And, join’d by scrub, defenseless rights defeats.
- ‘ The widow’s throbs, the orphans piercing cries,
- ‘ Asham’d he sees ; but with unpitying eyes.
- ‘ With blameless partner of conjugal bed,
- ‘ When seen by him, ’tis to increase her dread.
- ‘ If children has he, he’s in children curst ;
- ‘ Those best deserving execrates he worst.
- ‘ Yet, swoln with lust beyond a lech’rous goat ;
- ‘ To please a whore, he’d cut his sov’reign’s throat.
- ‘ Tho’ grudging stinted bread for worth’s support,
- ‘ With cost unspar’d, for her he’ll build a court.

‘ With

' With taste luxuriant, in a fertile soil,
 ' Fit spot he finds ; but by unceasing toil.
 ' Out streams the wealth with most profuse career;
 ' Itself exults, thus freed from prison's fear.
 ' On this lov'd hill, whose prospects breath in smiles,
 ' The mansion dances by art's nicest wiles.
 ' In northern front, as peaceful rivers glide,
 ' 'Tis glad diverted by the jocund tide.
 ' Its azure views, to greet the feasting eye,
 ' In vallies laugh, or on far mountains fly.
 ' The shadey lawns from southern heats protect,
 ' By healthful heaths, and spiring firs 'tis deck'd
 ' Equipage in gold, and splendour in attire,
 ' Unseemly help ; for this base end conspire !
 ' (Riches how worthless in th' esteem of heav'n
 ' Is plainly shewn, to vilest men thus giv'n !)
 ' By prostrate scrolls, and law's debased aid,
 ' The palace goes ; to Hecka 'tis convey'd,
 ' On her 'tis fix'd that spreading vice may bloom,
 ' That she may sin, when he defiles a tomb.

‘ ’Tis thus Sordidus strives to please his doxy ;
 ‘ And, buzzard’s brain ! ne’er dreams he’s but
 proxy.

‘ Beast as thou art ! Sordidus ! think not she
 ‘ Can constant live to wretchedness like thee ;
 ‘ For, once renouncing ev’ry sense of shame,
 ‘ A fiend in vice can’t pass the graceless dame :
 ‘ Abandon’d senses ev’ry charm elude,
 ‘ Her brawny mind disdains all gratitude.
 ‘ With serpent’s guise, to reach her savage aims,
 ‘ She’ll feign the faint or, cursing heav’n, exclaim,
 ‘ If disappointed of her least desire,
 ‘ That worlds are not by her consum’d in fire !
 ‘ With hands as dirty as thy loathsome heart,
 ‘ When thou art drudging, tho’ unfelt the smart,
 ‘ She prunes thy branching horns, and with her bully
 ‘ Despises thee for an enormous cully :
 ‘ Thy awkward gait, and all thy mimick’d ways,
 ‘ Are made their sport in all thy absent days.
 ‘ ’Tis ever thus that ev’ry lecher’s us’d,
 ‘ Whose worthy mate by harlot is abus’d.

'In gold abounding, but devoid of worth,
 Why strives this man to shame his mother earth ?
 Why friends betray ?—why break all laws ?—for what ?
 —To live abhorr'd, and die, in fame to rot.
 To die—to sink—with utterless amaze,
 From sense be dash'd to hell's eternal blaze :
 There the pale terrours of soul-rending throes,
 Gnashing shall tear him with unending woes ;
 Contempt of fiends, of horrors the dismay !
 Bereav'd of ALL, hope shall not cast ONE ray :
 Curst, the shrieking soul, in liquid fire lies,
 And never, never—never ending dies !

'From Sunday's ride (as ev'ry other day,
 Its ev'ry hour to arts of gain must pay)
 With worst intention, and replete with drink,
 Sordidus comes from vice the foulest sink :
 Of those polluted arms the wretched tool,
 Her rage she vents by this abandon'd fool.
 Such spleen to spread, some rising merit check,
 By over haste, he, falling, breaks his neck.

‘ Alas ! says Cœtus, what a dire event !
 ‘ How much lamented this dread accident !
 ‘ But Cætus errs — ’tis heav’n directs the stroke,
 ‘ And fitly scourges, whose foul acts provoke :
 ‘ A tear for him shall fall from no one’s eyes ;
 ‘ A beast he liv’d, and like a dog he dies.

‘ Events like this to vice, confess’d, ’tis true,
 ‘ Present not always to a mortal view ;
 ‘ If such we see not sometimes while we’re here,
 ‘ It must be right, as men not angels are.
 ‘ If worlds were form’d by just omnipotence,
 ‘ (Which who denies, shocks ev’n a brutish sense)
 ‘ It cannot fail, in life or death, or both,
 ‘ Th’avenging arm must strike, how late, however loth
 ‘ How best, or when, ’tis only his to see,
 ‘ Whose eye beholds ten thousand worlds, and — thee
 ‘ To man ’tis giv’n this glaring truth to know,
 ‘ “ That virtue only makes our bliss below.”
 ‘ Here is the scene his best essays to prove,
 ‘ Exerted they ; he’ll rest in realms of love ;

' Exerted they ; a pitying arm shall aid ;
 ' A bursting world ! his peace shall ne'er invade,
 ' The welcome proofs in ev'ry part appear,
 ' All nature ecchoes, man lives NOT while here ;
 ' 'Tis here he breathes but ; thus the craving soul
 ' Would pant for more, tho' earth she had the whole :
 ' Aloud proclaims that earth is not her sphere,
 ' But Death awaiting, hopes her treasure there.

' Man here is try'd by imperfection press'd ;
 ' Prov'd worth hereafter more will make him bless'd.
 ' 'Twas thus that perfect bliss on all might shine,
 ' Creative pow'r wrought by the breath divine,
 ' Why else fails vengeance from th' all-ruling mind,
 ' On earth, in plagues thy youth and age to bind ?
 ' If he delighted brands abroad to throw,
 ' Why say less wretched art not here below ?
 ' Who worlds created by a yielding word,
 ' Wants he the pow'r to slay thee with the sword ;
 ' On earth to rack thee by a million ways,
 ' And hopeless mis'ry throw on all thy days ?

' Thou

‘ Thou wilt not say, how vacant e’er thy head,
 ‘ For this his arm must wait till thou art dead.

‘ Thus partial ill is known for gen’ral good,
 ‘ Tho’ it approach in plague, fire, dearth and flood.

‘ Unthinking man ! how happy for thy ease,
 ‘ Deny’d the means thy *ev’ry* wish to please.
 ‘ For once impartial think ! and fairly say,
 ‘ Whate’er befell thee since thy natal day ;
 ‘ Thy end remember’d, and thy duty told,
 ‘ Whate’er thy state in life, if young or old,
 ‘ Thy acts and inclinations fairly weigh’d ;
 ‘ Could it have been in fitter ways convey’d ?
 ‘ —Know then this truth, tho’ it may hurt thy pride ;
 ‘ “ Whatever is is right”, however ’tis deny’d.
 ‘ With grateful heart thy pride then humbly quit ;
 ‘ The ways of God confess are ever fit ;
 ‘ Confess his bounty is for all design’d,
 ‘ That his is bright, howe’er eclips’d thy mind ;
 ‘ With sword and fire, that wrong he ne’er can act,
 ‘ Tho’ towns are burnt, or kingdoms are attack’d ;

‘ That

' That good the best for all he surely brings,
 ' If firm he fix', or e'er unfixes, kings,
 ' That good is great, however 'tis obscur'd ;
 ' And only vice ought not to be endur'd :
 ' On ruling realms, or stumping o'er the clod,
 ' A vicious man's the vilest work of God,





PART III.



HEN seest thou shameless guilt in gold
array'd ?

At views so vile be not thy mind dismay'd.

No more pursue the mean that thus ob-
tains,

- Than imp the folly of those blunted brains,
- Whose pond'rous noddles fashions only view,
- For ever gaping after something new.
- Such flutt'ring jemmies as one often seeth,
- To church repair to pick their craving teeth,
- Those gilded nothings let no envy raise,
- Whose acts tend there alone themselves to praise ;
- Whose modish apes know not to find the pray'rs,
- But only come to practice monkey's airs.
- Who nought but scandal know, or how to rail,
- At church to sleep ; or there to pare their nail.

• Whose

' Whose sole return for brilliant scenes they've trod,
 ' With frontless face; is to insult their God :
 ' No more for these thy imitation use,
 ' Than those exert, who only know abuse ;
 ' Religion, scriptures, who spit always towards,
 ' Th' unfailing mark of knaves, or fools, or cowards.

' Men may mistake religion's royal form,
 ' Royal she is, and more than crowns can charm :
 ' As first the fiend, to cover o'er his wile,
 ' By brutal shape, strove innocence to guile ;
 ' So, since that parent of each ill and lye,
 ' By gloom's disguise, religion would decry ;
 ' Division sends to scandalize her pow'r,
 ' Whose rage deforms her, as bleak blasts a flow'r.
 ' Of modes disputing, modes continual rise,
 ' Each zeal finds diff'rent best, the rest denies,
 ' To hell consigns them, tho' perhaps unknown,
 ' And, worse than wolves, all worry but their own.
 ' On feelings inward, grace, or faith, or works,
 ' These heav'n annex, as lawyers right, on quirks,

‘ Benevolence profess ; yet, to her shame,
 ‘ Here but agree, each other still to blame.

‘ Is this religion ?—no, her worst disgrace ;
 ‘ Her bond is love, these charity deface ;
 ‘ Religion’s meek, glad, humane, and serene ;
 ‘ So true religion ever will be seen :
 ‘ In parts she lives not, but one glorious whole,
 ‘ Religion is the lustre of the soul.

‘ In days of yore, as some old bards have said,
 ‘ There was a time, when, as the rural maid,
 ‘ Or as the graceful lady of the court,
 ‘ (Alike averse from pride and hurtful sport)
 ‘ The polish’d beauty of the city stood,
 ‘ The shining standard of the fair and good ;
 ‘ Who thought the easy shape and gentle air,
 ‘ The brightest jewels to adorn the fair.
 ‘ How long ago, the muse forgets ; the year
 ‘ Could not be late, by modes that now appear ;
 ‘ For, by the fashion of our modern ways,
 ‘ That must have been in very antient days,

‘ And

' And long before the now politer mode
 ' Of *trains*, and *vests* amongst us fix'd abode,
 ' 'Twas then that dustmen us'd to sweep the street,
 ' And stays were worn, and kept the ladies neat,
 ' 'Twas then that naked necks, and shoulders bare,
 ' Were not expos'd, nor made *men* blush and stare.
 ' Howe'er of beauty *taste* may take the stead,
 ' We'll hope the nymphs will not misplace the head ;
 ' But as the feet were first design'd to walk,
 ' They will not be compell'd to try to talk ;
 ' Nor changing place to please the smiling fair,
 ' Will be oblig'd on high to be the air.

' Think not that ways like these were e'er design'd,
 ' As fit employments for a human mind ;
 ' Ways ! which so far from thinking fit to pass,
 ' We should not fail to laugh at in an ass.

' What pity ! with such bright, all-killing faces,
 ' That some gay nymphs should nothing love but *ACES* ;
 ' That shunning thought, as would disgrace their sta-
 bles,
 ' Their time should pass with nought but gaming ta-
 bles,

‘ Lo! the bright æra of Londona’s fame,
 ‘ Sink down, O Rome! nor emulate her name;
 ‘ Thy virtue’s blaze warm’d but the wise and brave,
 ‘ ’Tis hers to boast the vices of a knave!
 ‘ Hail happy remnant of degen’rate days,
 ‘ O sons of Mammon, yours be ev’ry praise!
 ‘ The labour yours to chear expiring vice,
 ‘ And schools to raise, devote, to cards and dice;
 ‘ Augustan virtues banish from the throne,
 ‘ Virtue’s contempt, then flies she to her own,
 ‘ Is cherish’d where a Mummius rules the sport,
 ‘ And cits can grasp a vice expell’d the court;
 ‘ The great reject, the little court her sway,
 ‘ Promote her growth on evens of Thursday.
 ‘ With human heads if brainless blockheads bawl,
 ‘ Who finds them gaming in a *threadman’s hall*?
 ‘ Who finds them not? sure not a city’s king!
 ‘ Patterns how great *some magistrates* can bring!
 ‘ So cits refuse their sovereign to aid,
 ‘ And study arts that rascals make a trade;

' Conduct how worthy of a trading town !
 ' (So graceful a *taste*, records ! write it down.)
 ' If humble verse to future day descends,
 ' Judge ye, pronounce, posterity, my friends !
 ' This came to pass (and be it known to you)
 ' The year One Thousand Seven Hundred Sixty Two.

' But fly the bane, tho' gilt, a gambler spurn,
 ' Erect each view, to nobler objects turn ;
 ' Behold ! aspiring to their native skies,
 ' Earth's worthiest sons, th' illustrious, good, and
 wife :

' Fled the mean bounds of this more vicious *ville*,
 ' See ev'ry worth their each endeavour fill,
 ' Call forth desert, yet blushing, from the shade,
 ' Help ARTS AND SCIENCE, with resistless aid ;
 ' Contention banish'd, faction's *there* in chains ;
 ' Whose praise resounds, their patronage proclaims,
 ' No rank, nor age, nor place, assistance lose ;
 ' To each deserving bounty—honour shews.

' Fir'd

- ‘ Fir’d with each warmth that dignifies the soul,
- ‘ The noble aim is theirs ! to serve the whole.
- ‘ See them alike fair merit’s ev’ry form
- ‘ Humanely charm, and virtue’s grace adorn :
- ‘ While co’z’ning arts become a city’s stain,
- ‘ And fines of Prætors foil her council’s gain,
- ‘ Spurning the shade of base oppression’s blast,
- ‘ **T H E I R S !** is the praise which shall for ever
last.
- ‘ Oh thus proceed, illumin’d guardians stand,
- ‘ Virtue’s defence, nor let her leave the land !

Sophronius stopp’d, as by a roaring sound,
 The voice he held was from the hearers drown’d.
 A figure comes, or rather rav’nous flies,
 Opes wide his mouth, and wider still his eyes ;
 Marks the nam’d page ; his face flows o’er with red,
 And looks, so stern, would strike soft foplings dead.
 God keep us all !— an author from the city !
 The critick bursts—confound the scoundrel ditty !
 A trader too—and write of love and marriage ;
 If this succeed, all’s proof against miscarriage,

Out fly the opticks, down he throws the case,
The glafs destroys, and wounds his purblind face.

“Death and furies ! all objects turn my foes,

“The cursed glafs ! — I’ve sadly cut my nose !”

Dear fir ! why thus, in vain, yourself corrode ;

Writing’s no fin, yet, strange ! ’tis much the mode.

So Celia fays ; a patch ſhe haftes and cuts,

Applies her falts ; the bard refumes and ſtruts.

Writing ! ah, yes, of that none needs to doubt,

Who traſh like this fees flying all about.

His name pray ?—a monofyllable ! * * * !

A paltry ſound ! and this his *coup d’eſſai*.

Not me conſulted yet ! and publiſh’d firſt !

I’ll ſurely damn it—I wonder how he durſt !

Thus, now blaſpheming, and then ſpitting froth,

Stutters this vapour of an afs head’s broth.

But peace, my friend ! a cit may ſurely write,

If well or ill, permit the town to try’t.

Thus much is known, no vice has made him do’t,

He but attempts it as he’d play his flute ;

How

How gay soe'er the lyrick maid's attire,
 Alone he wears it, when there needs no fire :
 In sun-shine only wishes it to hold,
 Nor there depends to keep him from the cold.

Oh fortune kind ! for ever him defend,
 From poet's trade, and lighter vengeance fend ;
 From his slow hunger keep him ever free,
 And sooner change him to a lifeless tree !
 While here he breathes, let him not live on looks,
 Nor famish'd, try to eat by gnawing books !
 From scholar's, clergy, and a patriot's charge,
 May he be free, and ever live at large ;
 Rather become of shoes a dirty scraper,
 Him soot who sweeps, or best, a mouse-trap maker ;
 Securely, then, he'll meet with daily bread,
 And miss the filth bears hurl at merit's head.
 At large, unnotic'd by the giddy throng,
 Thus live he list'ning to the muse's song !
 He harmless tries to join accordant lays,
 To raise his mirth ; but that by gen'rous ways :
 Scorns by low jests to wound the chastest ear,
 Offend the grave, give virtuous youth a fear.

That vile employ he leaves to worthless Phil;
 From whose or vicious, or whose venal quill,
 Come rough descriptions of *feign'd bawling wives*,
 And *noos'd receipts* to end sad lovers' lives.
 What, that learn'd blade, who mostly once a week
 Unfeeling braves, who may not know his *Greek*;
 Whose want of sense, yet whose attempts at wit,
 Owl-like him led the *married state* to him:
 Eggregious front! where one blind thing offends,
 Obdurate HE! a second awkward sends:
 Whose windmills—charms—a ridiculous tattle.
 An ass makes tell of pride the siege and battle.
 At heart so base, with such a feeble head,
 The wife may smile, but ideots need not dread;
 Such blund'ring boobies, who that ever thinks,
 But knows black vice, below contempt them sinks?
 To him, and whom to such as him adhere,
 That field he leaves, nor 'grets their pleasure there,
 Yes! flaver dribbling from a *Chestnut poet*,
 Grey heads there are flagitious, who will show it;

So *news of night* could, on the *first of June*,
Bring from her shades, what shames the light of noon :

“ Why, Sir, I meanless put them in my scrawl,

“ Nor dreamt, one hurtful hint could from them
fall ;

“ For who, indeed, you know, would e’er have
thought,

“ That things so light to censure could have brought ?”

Tell not the muse there’s nothing hurtful in’t,

’Tis all abroad, and glaring stands in print :

Why then refuse in justice to do right,

A fit reply at first to bring to light ?

Why broach such stuff as shocks all human sense,

Retract, refuse, the more to give offence ?

But who expects that reason e’er should shame,

Or they her hear whom pillory can’t reclaim !

But—rest ye both, Mercator calmly says ;

Next when ye’re seen, appear in better ways.

From other’s pain he seeks no joy to find,

His utmost pleasure’s in a peaceful mind ;

Ambition

Ambition — spleen — no more disturb his breast,
 Than do the thoughts how empty Fribble's drest,
 Yet, comes there forth the hydra head of vice,
 Howe'er bedeck'd, how fawning or how nice;
 In whate'er form, or part, it haunts the town,
 He'll help the good to hunt the monster down :
 The blameless poor no more allow t'offend,
 Than cringing cards to purse-proud coxcombs send;
 As soon neat maids or spotless wives permit,
 To stand the but of fulsom want of wit,
 As hold it right, in a well-order'd state,
 With low lampoon to stab the worthy great.
 Supreme's his joy to lend to worth obscure,
 The means to ease the smart he cannot cure.
 Cheerful he 'scapes the devious paths of strife,
 In calm enjoyment of domestick life :
 By books and business, thought and recreation,
 From pain his body keeps, and mind vexation.

The fleeting minutes, as they gently glide,
 As friendly tell him that life's flowing tide,

Once

Once ris'n highest, again begins to bate,
 And brings the voy'ger tow'rd's a changing state :
 Blest tuneful sound ! which thus the mind improves,
 And leads his fancy to the theme it loves.
 But where's the pow'r a field so vast to scan !
 God's mighty love to such a wretch as man !

O great supreme ! may that unbounded love
 Incline thine ear, and listen from above !
 One glimpse of thy celestial light impart,
 And aid the struggles of a grasping heart !
 Shed the blest beam to this unworthy mind ;
 O pour the grace on thee to rest resign'd !

Around so wide my soul, so high she tow'rs,
 Her force her fails, and melt her strongest pow'rs,
 Unnumber'd worlds within her prospect roll,
 'Twas thine to form the splendour of the whole.
 Capacious orbs ! the moon and brilliant sun,
 The glitt'ring stars, 'twas thou ! on high who hung.
 Who fram'd the skies, the earth, the air, and seas,
 The stations fix'd, and fix'd, sustain'd, of these ;

Whose

Whose hand omnifick gave all nature birth,
 Exalts high heav'n, and glads prolifick earth,
 Spontaneous bounty of thy love to shew,
 Who man created, endless blifs to know ;
 This place appointed, and his duty shewn,
 Alike to him were good and evil known ;
 When from abuse of that he could not miss,
 The dire effects to smart, and dread of this,
 Thine was the matchless love, and thine the arm,
 Him yet to help, and save his fears from harm ;
 O love refulgent ! thine ! the keenest rod,
 Whose vice deserves to save by death of God !
 Amazing miracle, with mercy fraught,
 That fit atonement to thy justice brought,
 Superlative thy love to man explains,
 In man's creation, fall, and in his pains.
 To prescient pow'r man's future fall was shewn,
 So was not less redemption to him known ;
 That unsustain'd, of love divine had been
 Conceal'd the proof, now most stupendous seen.

This

This proves, tho' prescient he of future ill,
 Man's fall should serve God's glory more to fill,
 His mercy shews beyond conception's reach,
 For truth descends, herself her ways to teach,
 Man's nature takes, God's justice to suffice;
 That man may live, the God of nature dies!
 For boundless guilt pays infinite amends;
 Eternal God! thy mercy never ends.
 A worm like man, who yet presuming spurns,
 Wilt thou, O goodness! when he meek returns,
 Admit to stand in verges of thy grace,
 And endless bring him to behold thy face?

Thou gladly wilt, thy balmy word him cheers,
 Ye hopes revive! and vanish all ye fears!
 Exult my heart, and all my mental strength,
 Rejoice my soul, and sing the endless length,
 The breadth, and depth, of mercies of the Lord,
 His loving-kindness in his gracious word;
 His glorious pow'r, that kindly gave thee birth,
 His out-stretch'd arm, which holds thy stay on earth;

Whose watchful care, and whose indulgent smiles,
 Rejoicing keep thee in the midst of wiles,
 In glad enjoyment of rich bounties giv'n;
 And ravish'd hopes of future bliss in heav'n;
 In ev'ry state thy joys shall fix'd prevail,
 No ills shall harm thee, and no fears assail;
 When life, expiring, yields her fleeting breath,
 Thy God shall shield thee, in the arms of death.

Thus to temporal and eternal bliss,
 Alone the path in views immortal is;
 Me gently then indulge in this smooth way,
 My tribute due, and earnest thoughts to say:
 Thus that ye think, ye blooming pair! thus live,
 This best warm wish a friendly heart let give.

F I N I S.

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21 V 12